

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO 973

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

BY MRS. OFIL.

At the early age of two and twenty, Charles Clermont, by the death of his father, became possessed of an estate of 2000*l.* per annum. Unfortunately, his father's habits had been so parsimonious, and his ideas on the subject of expenditure so narrow, that his son had never been allowed by him an income adequate to the common wants of a gentleman. Therefore, when he saw himself possessor of a large estate, and a considerable sum of money besides, the sudden change from poverty to wealth had the pernicious effect of making him deem his riches so great as to be inexhaustible; and his heart and his hand became as open, as his predecessor's had been the contrary.

Generosity and fine feeling marked indeed all his actions; but he wanted judgment; he wanted reflection. Each quick and benevolent impulse he eagerly obeyed, nor waited to consider how far the meditated action was, or was not, pregnant with future good or evil.

But of some of his benevolent impulses he had no reason to repent. The impulse which led him to introduce himself to an oppressed orphan, the daughter of a clergyman, in order that he might offer her his purse and interest, to enable her to defend an unjust suit instituted against her by a man whose addresses she had rejected, was the means of making him the husband of one of the best of women. For the orphan, whom he first visited from pity, he revisited from love; and when she modestly reminded him of the difference of their fortunes, and that his friends and family would disapprove so disproportionate an union, he wisely observed, that he considered money not as happiness, but as the means of happiness; that he had money, she had none; but then she had beauty, sense and virtue—qualities, the possession of which was, exhibited as they appeared in her person, essential to his felicity. These great possessions she had a right to withhold; but if she was inclined to waive the exercise of her right in his favour, the obligation in the eye of common sense would be all on his side, and if his family and friends thought otherwise, he could only say that he was independent of them, and should be the more eager to form nearer and dearer ties.

The man who talked thus was young, handsome, eloquent, and impassioned. The woman who listened was equally young, still handsomer, and had as much secret tenderness in her heart as he had avowed passion in his. Nor did her reserve and her scruples hold out long against the pleadings of Clermont's affection and her own; but after a few weeks of courtship they were united; and the grateful Augusta, having in the course of their acquaintance discovered that Clermont had every virtue but those necessary ones of prudence and economy, wisely resolved, that as she did not bring him a fortune, she would, were it necessary, endeavour to save one; and that she would try

to make amends by her care, for his pernicious want of management.

In the mean while Clermont's marriage had, though he kept it a secret from Augusta, done an irreparable injury to some of his expectations in life.

The brother of his mother, a gentleman of the name of Morley, went to India at an early age in order to make a fortune; and he succeeded so well, that he was able very soon to send considerable remittances over to his less prosperous relations in England; and amongst these, though she was married to a man of landed property, he considered Mrs. Clermont, for he well knew the parsimonious disposition of her husband; and all the little indulgences which Charles Clermont could boast of in his childhood, and early youth, were the result of his uncle's bounty to his mother. But on the death of Mrs. Clermont, an event which had a fatal effect for some time on the health and spirits of her affectionate son, the bounty of Mr. Morley was continued to Charles; and if ever he was observed to be dressed like a gentleman, or to make a present to some indigent neighbour equal to the generosity of his heart, it was immediately after a remittance from India; and Clermont had recently received, and expended, a gift from his uncle, when his father died, and he saw himself the uncontrolled master of what appeared to him an immense fortune. Soon after, he received by overland dispatches the joyful news that his uncle was about to sail for England: but the latter part of the letter contained information which completely counterbalanced the pleasure which the first part of it had given him.

Mr. Morley informed Clermont that he had long intended he should marry his ward, a beautiful and rich heiress, who boarded with a relation near London; and who, having seen him at a watering place, had written to her guardian, that she was willing to comply with his wishes, and receive the addresses of his nephew. "Therefore," continued Mr. Morley, "you and you only can prevent this union, on which my heart is set, from taking place; but beware how you disappoint me! obey me, and I will give you 30,000*l.* on the day of marriage; disobey me, and I renounce you for ever!"

Clermont was already well acquainted with his uncle's positiveness and love of arbitrary power; therefore the tyrannical conditions on which he offered him his favour and 30,000*l.* did not surprise, though it painfully affected him. He had seen the lady intended for his wife, and he had conversed with her; for she had introduced herself to him as his uncle's ward, and had obligingly hoped that they should be better acquainted. But though she was beautiful, there was a forwardness in her manner, and a degree of self-conceit in her whole deportment, which made it impossible for her to make as pleasing an impression on Clermont's heart as he had made on hers. Besides, he had already seen Augusta, and his heart had formed a sort of involuntary vow never to allow him to marry another woman. Therefore, had not Clermont's love of the free-

dom of choice struggled considerably against his desire to oblige his peremptory uncle, he would have rejected instantly the offer of Miss Biagrave's hand, from the resistless influence of a prior attachment; an attachment too on the eve of being crowned by marriage.

The arrival of Mr. Morley was at length announced in the papers, a few days after Clermont was married to Augusta; and the latter instantly wrote a letter to his uncle, welcoming him in the warmest manner to England, and begging leave to set off for Portsmouth directly in order to accompany him to his house; but lamenting at the same his inability to comply with his wishes, and marry his lovely ward as he was already married to one of the most amiable of women.

Mr. Morley was an old bachelor, and was so accustomed to have his own way, that this unexpected disappointment to his dearest hopes was as new to him as it was unwelcome; and in the first transports of his rage, on receiving Clermont's letter, he struck his name out of his will; and not contented with writing immediately to Clermont, to let him know that never while he lived would he see or speak to him, he desired that no one in future would dare to mention his nephew in his presence.

Clermont's affectionate heart was sensibly affected by his uncle's positive renunciation of him; for his mother had taught him to love Mr. Morley and his repeated kindnesses had endeared him to him still more. But when he reflected that this tyrannical relation had expected to be paid for his presents by the surrender of the freedom of his nephew's will, and by a blind compliance with his imperious commands, he reconciled himself to the necessity of not being personally acquainted with a man whose notions were so repugnant to that independence of spirit which he loved; and endeavouring to forget that this unjust man was the darling brother of his ever-regretted mother, he wiped a tear from his eye as he repurchased his uncle's cruel letter from Portsmouth, then hastened to the society of his Augusta—that Augusta, at once the cause, the excuse, and the consolation of his disobedience.

About this time, to Augusta's vexation as well as surprise, Clermont presented her with a case of very fine jewels; nor were his equipages and the other bridal preparations at all inferior to what they would have been had he married an heiress.

"My dear Charles, you seem to forget that I bring you no fortune," cried Augusta.

"On the contrary—I have proved that I remember it."

"Not by expending so much on bridal splendour."

"On the contrary—by that means I intend to prove to the world that I think you, rich only as you are in virtues and attractions, as worthy of shining in all the state which wealth can give, as if you were the heiress of thousands."

"Kind, but not considerate. Clermont! for will not the world be more inclined to impute our parade to my extravagance than to your delicate and jealous affection? Will they not

be apt," continued she, smiling, "to talk very unpolitely about a beggar on horseback, and riding to the devil?"

"Psha! (replied Clermont warmly) let them if they dare."

"Well, but, dear Charles, when the first six months of our marriage are over, surely one of the carriages at least may be laid down?"

"What! would you have me lead people to imagine that you had lost some of your value in my eyes?"

"Yes, provided you give me no reason to fear that I have lost any such value. Fear of what the world may think will never, I trust, deter us from acting prudently; indeed, my dear Charles, I hope that neither you nor I shall be in the habit of exclaiming, like the woman in the comedy, "*But what will Mrs. Grundy say?*" No, no, we will have no Mrs. Grundys; or, rather, you shall be my Mrs. Grundy, and I yours."

But to return to Mr. Morley. Though he had so hastily and peremptorily renounced his nephew, he found very shortly after that there was a void left in his heart, which his nephew only could fill. He had warm affections, and they wanted an object: this object had long been the only child of his only sister; he therefore brought with him to England a heart prepared to love Clermont; and to be forced to give up these long cherished hopes was consequently most agonizing to him. But why should he give him up? Was his fault so very great? Was he not his own master; and was he not already married when his letter arrived? Thus he reasoned with himself; and he resolved, if he found that Charles had married an amiable woman, and before he knew his pleasure, that he would retract his hasty renunciation of him, and consider him as his nephew and heir.

But unfortunately for Clermont, Mr. Morley, in order to make enquiries concerning him and his wife, took up his abode at the house of some relations of his and his nephew's, who were interested in keeping up the old gentleman's resentment against his nephew; some, too, who thought that their daughters were quite as handsome as Augusta, and might have been deemed worthy of being their cousin Charles's choice, though he had presumed to think differently; therefore, instead of hearing any thing likely to appease his anger against his nephew, he heard every thing that could increase it. He found that Clermont had made an inconsiderate love match, and certainly since the receipt of Mr. Morley's letter; that his wife, though she had not a farthing for her marriage portion, was spending thousands already; for, as Augusta had predicted, all the bridal expenses and parade were imputed to her extravagance; and his mortified ward was not backward to irritate his anger to the utmost; till the exasperated old man, like Sir Anthony Absolute in *The Rivals*, was ready to declare, after joining a tremendous oath to the name of Charles, that he would not breathe the same atmosphere with him, but would get him an atmosphere of his own.

Clermont was soon informed of the increased anger of his uncle; but he continued to take the greatest precautions lest Augusta should hear of it too. However, all his precautions were vain. One of his female relations, a common-place, envious, coarse minded woman, and a great tale bearer into the bargain, came unexpectedly to dine with Augusta while her husband was out.

(To be continued.)

From a London paper.

ALICE FELL.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE Post-Boy drove with fierce career.
When threatening clouds the moon had drown'd;
When suddenly I seem'd to hear,
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways
I heard the sound, and more and more
It seem'd to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the Boy call'd out,
He stopp'd his horses at the word:
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor ought else could be heard.

The Boy then smack'd his whip, and fast
The Horses scamper'd through the rain;
And soon I heard upon the blast
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,
'What can it be, this piteous moan?'
And there a little Girl I found,
Sitting behind the Chaise alone.

'My cloak!' the word was last and first,
And loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her very heart would burst;
And down from off the chaise she leapt.

What ails you child? she sobb'd 'Look here!'
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten Rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled:

'Twas twisted betwixt knave and spoke:
Her help she lent, and with good heed
Together we releas'd the cloak;
A wretched, wretched rag indeed!

And whither are you going child,
To-night along these lonesome ways?
To Durham, answered she, half wild—
'Then come with me into the chaise.'

She sat like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send
In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

My child, in Durham do you dwell?
She cluck'd herself in her distress,
And said, my name is ALICE FELL;
I'm fatherless and motherless;

And I to Durham, Sir, belong.
And then, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong,
And all was for her tatter'd cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and sitting by my side,
As if she'd lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the Tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host
To buy a new Cloak for the old.

And let it be of dark grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell;
Proud Creature was she the next day,
The little Orphan, ALICE FELL!

EPITAPH ON A LOCKSMITH.

A zealous locksmith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate.
He stood without and would not knock,
Because he meant to pick the lock.

MAGNANIMITY.

The following exhibits a beautiful trait of character in the French Soldiery:

THE revolted inhabitants of Hersfield, among other extravagancies, had killed a French Officer. The Emperor Napoleon ordered the city to be pillaged, and then reduced to ashes. The solicitations of the commandants of Cossel and Hersfield obtained of the Emperor, that four houses only should be burnt, but that the plunder should be general. The fatal day arrived—the commandant assembled the Burgers, to communicate the order of the Emperor, and to exhort them to make no resistance. The Burgers were in such consternation and lost all presence of mind to such a degree, that the commandant was obliged to put them in mind of securing their most valuable effects. He afterwards assembled his soldiers. He laid before them, with energetic eloquence the sad lot of these miserable burgers—and finished with this address—Soldiers! the permission to plunder commences from this moment—let those, therefore, who wish to avail themselves of the liberty leave the ranks—*Not a soldier moved.* He then repeated the declaration—*still not a soldier left the ranks.* It is more easy to conceive than express the joy of the burgers. They sent a deputation to the commandant to thank him for his goodness and generosity, and offered him a considerable present, which he refused by answering, that good actions could not be recompensed with money—but I have to request of you (added he) as a token of remembrance, a silver medal, representing on one side the city of Hersfield, and on the other the event of this day. Such is the present which I wish to bear to my future spouse, in returning from the toils of war.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

A few weeks since, the wife of a labourer after being brought to bed and safely delivered, was seized with an insatiable appetite for food. Her husband being incapable of supporting her unnatural craving, obtained admission for her into St. Bartholomew's Hospital where she remains at present in a most dreadful situation. She eats incessantly, and is supplied with three pounds of beef, a quatern loaf, and a proportional quantity of drink. On one occasion the Surgeon ordered her to be kept without eating one hour, and the consequence was, she raised the most shocking cries until her craving was satisfied. She retains her senses, and constantly requests those about her to bear with her unnatural behaviour, until she is cured by medical assistance, or death puts an end to her sufferings. Previous to this singular propensity, the unfortunate woman was known to be a very moderate eater. *London paper.*

The following instances of outrageous desperation have lately occurred in the Marine corps at Chatham. A man who was desirous of leaving the service, seized a bill hook, and laying his right arm upon a block, made a chop at it just above the wrist; he repeated the blow three times before he severed the hand, and then, going to the surgeon, urged his inability to continue his duty. Shortly after a foreigner formed a similar resolution; he took a hatchet, and at one blow divided his right arm; after which he took up the severed limb, and threw it among his comrades, exclaiming there was more meat for their broth. *ibid.*

A GENTLEMAN in Leeds has a horse, which after being kept up in the stable for some time, and turned into the field, where there is a pump well supplied with water, will regularly obtain a quantity therefrom by his dexterity; for this purpose the animal is observed to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with his head, in a way exactly similar to that done by the hand of man, until a sufficiency of what nature requires is procured into the trough. *ibid.*

Unjustly to take away the good name of another, is to be ranked among the highest crimes. We learn from a fragment of Cicero, that in the twelve tables the punishment was death.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 49 persons (of whom 15 were men, 10 women, 14 boys and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. of apoplexy 2, burn 1, bilious cholera 2, consumption 9, convulsions 2, decay 2, dropsy 2, drowned 1, dropsy in the head 1, epilepsy 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 6, infantile flux 8, intemperance 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 3, old age 1, sore throat 1, still born 1, sudden death 1, and 3 of worms.

On Sunday morning last, about 1 o'clock, a stable, joiner's shop and a small dwelling in Banker street, between Oliver and Catherine streets, were laid in ashes. The fire originated in the joiner's shop.

SURRENDER OF COPENHAGEN.

Capt. Pratt, of the ship Francis, arrived at Boston in 58 days from Amsterdam, informs, that Copenhagen was surrendered to the British on the 20th of August, without resistance.

SINGULAR DUEL.

We learn from undoubted authority, that some time since, while the British frigate Jason was at Trinidad, a duel was fought on board of her between two mulatto girls, one named Grace, a servant to madam Villeneuve, and miss Charlotte. The latter was killed on the spot, and Miss Grace was slightly wounded in her right shoulder. The Lieutenant who had the command of the quarter deck, was broke for suffering fire arms to be put into their hands. The battle between them commenced by pulling caps; but was actually terminated as here stated. N. Y. Gaz.

In Naples, (Italy) July 2, 1807, Augustin Mosea, calling himself a Colonel in the service of King Ferdinand, convicted of having received from Queen Caroline and the Marchioness of Villa Tranfo, an order to assassinate the King of Naples, and also of having instructions to that effect from the Abbe Scagliotti, &c. He made the amende honorable, before the front of the church of Nea Jesus, in a red shirt, with a lighted torch in his hand, and from thence was conducted to the market place, and impaled upon a stake there planted. His body, after execution, was delivered to the flames, and his ashes thrown to the wind; in the midst of an immense crowd of spectators.

BEAUFORT, S. C. September 16.

Departed this life, on Monday afternoon, Mr. Arthur Smith; and on Tuesday morning, Mr. Thomas Huson—and yesterday the remains of these young gentlemen were deposited in the tomb. On Monday morning they arose in all the vigour of youth and health; in a few hours both were bleeding on the field of honor. A challenge had been given and accepted—a duel was fought, and both were mortally wounded. Such, honor, are thy triumphs! Come hither Duellist, and regale thy senses! See two young men, the joy of their parents, leveling the deadly tube at each other—they fire, they fall. See them growing on a death bed; and now they breathe their last. Hear the distracted cries of a fond and doating parent; the heartpiercing lamentations of affectionate sisters, and the more silent, though equally deep grief of loving brothers—are these pleasing to thy eyes, or music to thy ears. Yet these oh

Duellist, are the fruits of honor, so called.

Oh thou idol, who delightest in human sacrifice; who suffest up blood as sweet smelling incense, when will thy reign cease? Oh ye votaries of this Moloch, ye sbettors of murder and bloodshed! remember that that day will assuredly come, when you will know, whether you are to frame your actions by the laws of honor, or the laws of God.

A LEGACY.

A few nights ago, at a late hour, a man knocked violently at the door of Charles Gilman, inn-keeper at Westfield; upon which a woman who lived in the house, got up, and on approaching the man, who she did not recognize, he presented her with an infant, with a request that she would hold it a few minutes, until he returned to his wife, a short distance off, who had fell and broke her leg—but, to the astonishment of every body, no owner of the child has since appeared.

Mr. Duclos, a French Philosopher, has just published a treatise for dissipating storms. He thinks it will be read by all the Married Men in Europe.

INDIA GOODS.

MRS. TODD has for sale at no. 92 Liberty street, an elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of India mull mulls, Gown patterns complete Cloaks, veils, Habit Shirts, Striped and checked Doorcahs, Remarkable fine plain Dacca and Nainsook Muslin, Striped and checked Seersuckers new handsome figured piques of different kinds, [Gives] Handsome Kid shoes and slippers, and various other articles. Also, Fresh Imperial and Hyson Tea of the first quality, Oct 10.

BOOKS & STATIONARY

Of every Description. For sale at this Office. History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, A dictionary, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafters, Sealing-Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-Knives, &c. &c.

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,

For some years back. Neatly bound—For sale at this Office.

NEW AMERICAN COOKERY,

OR,

FEMALE COMPANION.

Containing full and ample directions for Roasting, Broiling, Stewing, Hashing, Boiling, Preserving, Pickling, Potting, Fricassee, Soups, Pastes, Puddings, Custards, Pies, Tarts, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO

THE MAKING OF WINES AND CHEESE.

Peculiarly adapted to the American mode of cooking. BY AN AMERICAN LADY. For sale at this office.

WANTED

Immediately, an accomplished Tailor, to whom good wages and constant employment will be given—none need apply except they are thoroughly acquainted with the trade. Enquire at No. 214 Greenwich street.

N. B. Wanted also, two or three female apprentices to the same business. Enquire as above. sep 26 51

CISTERN,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by ALFORD & MERVIN, No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house.

LINEN RAGS.

An extra price will be given for clean Linen Rags, for surgeon's use. Apply at 313 Pearl street. sep 12

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAIL honoured wedlock's sacred ties
The crown of life is thine,
Pure fount of social sweet delights,
To Adams virtuous line.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. William A. Blank, to Miss Nancy Christian both of this city.

On the 21 instant by the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, captain Timothy Barnard to miss Hetty Wilcox, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Michael Cashman to miss Catherine Leary, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. John E. Sickles, merchant, to miss Martha Forbes.

On Monday morning 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Adrian B. Bentzon, Esq. of the island of St. Croix, to miss Magdalen Astor, daughter of John Jacob Astor of this city.

On the 1st inst. at Boston, Patrick Grant, Esq. to miss Anna Powell Mason, daughter of the hon. Jonathan Mason.

On Thursday evening 1st October, Thomas Morgan, son of Col. George Morgan, of Washington county, Pennsylvania, to Katherine Duane, eldest daughter of Wm. Duane, of Philadelphia.

On the 1st inst. at the Friends meeting, Philadelphia, Mr. George Newbold, merchant of New York, to Miss Mary Emilen of that city.

At the Friends meeting-house, Burlington (N. J.) On Wednesday last, Mr. Thomas Tucker, of this city to Miss Ann Sykis, of the former place.

MORTALITY.

Why should our eyes with sorrow flow,
Why heave these unavailing sighs:
Death, when he struck the fatal blow,
Gave but an angel to the skies.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, after a painful illness, Mr. John Coles of this city.

On Wednesday last, Mr. John Brown, of this city. At Washington, Mrs. Ann Emmack, wife of William Emmack.

In Charles County, (Md.) Mrs. Alice Rogerson, wife of Thomas Rogerson, Esq.

Last week at New Rochelle, Robert Abney, Esq. aged 70. a native of Leicester, England.

On Thursday morning the 1st inst. at Philadelphia, Gen. Peter Muhlenberg, collector of the port of Philadelphia.

On the 12th ult. at Plattsburg, the hon. Zephania Platt, aged 73.

On the 1st inst. at New Rochelle, Mr. Nicholas Carner, of this city, aged 72.

At Savannah, after a few days illness, the hon. Edward Telfair, formerly Governor of Georgia.

In London, Mr. John Walker, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, aged 76 years.

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes cleaned wet or dry; and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

AN English Gentleman accustomed to instruct in various studies, youth of both sexes, wishes to devote a part of his time to the education of the children of a genteel family at their own house. Farther information may be obtained by applying at the printer's either personally, or by letter addressed to A. B. oct. 3 36*

COURT OF APOLLO.

A PINDARIC STORY.

An Indian once, who wore the Popish name,
And many a pretty relic too had brought him,
Would often get, (it was a piteous shame)
Drunk as the magistrate who taught him;
Who was a lawyer bold—and on a time,
Hearing that Wango had drank grog on Sunday,
He sent for him strait way on Monday,
To come and make atonement for his crime.
Wretch! did Licurgus fiercely say,
The church demands a dollar for your peace.
Well, sigh'd the culprit, I will pay—
But give me a *cittificat* if you please.
Certificate! the lawyer sternly said;
What will the fool do with the paper?
Poor Wango scratch'd his oily head,
And bowing said, Life one poor vapor;
And when I die and to my rest would go,
May be St Peter tell me, No—
Such fell like you, away from here I send 'em,
You broke 'em Sunday once before you die!
Ah, but, says I,
I gib a dollar too, and so I mend 'em,
Did you, he say where you *cittificat*?
Lay, say I, massa Lawya never write 'em.
Why den you fool, he tell me, hole you prate,
—Go back and get 'em!
Mad like Ole Harry, down again I come,
I find you dead, (now only see what trouble!)
I look for you, and tore I find you home,
I got for go quite to de *Dubble*!

ANECDOTES.

Mons. Scarron, who was lame, by both his feet being turned inwards, and to conceal his deformity used to wear a long gown. Being once in company, by chance he disclosed one of his feet; and observing a lady, who saw it, winking to the rest of the company that they might take notice of it—Ladies, exclaimed the philosopher, you have great reason to laugh at this stump of a foot of mine; but I will lay you a wager that there is a much more deformed foot than this in the present company. A murmur arose on this speech through the whole circle; each man and woman looked at one another's feet. It is concealed, said Scarron, but to prove the assertion true, I will make the discovery. On saying which he drew his gown aside, and displayed his other foot, which was still a more hideous object than that which they had seen.

BIRMINGHAM LIAR.

A GENTLEMAN told his friends that he was born in Birmingham, and though he loved his country, and respected its inhabitants, yet he must in justice declare, that all people born in that town, and its vicinity, were the greatest liars in the universe. Then, said a gentleman present, if you speak truth, you lie; and if you lie, you speak truth.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it, will be waited upon at their houses. sep 19

IGNACE C. FRAISIER.

MORALIST.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

From a sermon on "Domestic Happiness," by the Rev. William Jay.

—Oh! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of Home!

See the traveller—Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance: it quickens him to diligence: it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home: it communes with him as he journeys; and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—"Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin." O, the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed intercourse and conversation after days of absence!

Behold the man of science—He drops the labour and painfulness of research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brows—leaves his study—and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to play the toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade—What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and imperviousness of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? Bye-and-bye the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompence.

Yonder comes the labourer—He has borne the burden and heat of the day: the descending sun has released him from his toil; and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The compassion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See—his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness: his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitants of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur bear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

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